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**"OUR
PILGRIM
FATHERS."**



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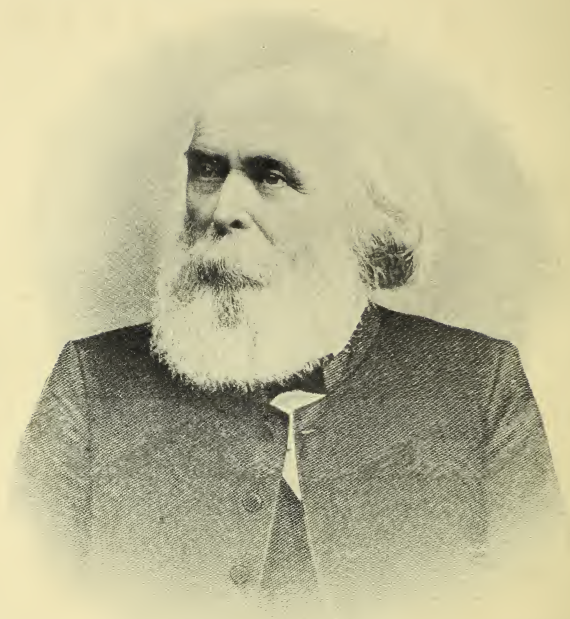
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HON. NEWTON BATEMAN, LL. D.

“OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.”

A SYMPOSIUM.



Illinois State Teachers' Association
Springfield, Illinois,
Dec. 28, 1897.,



GALESBURG, ILL.
THE WAGONER PRINTING CO.,
1898.

The education of a people is a problem of transcendent magnitude and moment. Into it there enter, as into no other, the elements of national destiny. In the presence of it, the petty issues that divide and embattle political parties, are dwarfed into insignificance. Compared with it, other questions of national concern are local, ephemeral—it alone is all-embracing and everlasting in its sweep and grasp, because it enfolds the life itself of the state, in the shaping and moulding of the character of its citizens.—*Bateman*.

Preface.

The Illinois State Teachers' Association was organized in Bloomington, December 26, 1853. Through its influence came the State Superintendency, the County Superintendency, the Normal Schools, the State University, and even the school system itself. Though the first act establishing free schools in Illinois was passed by the General Assembly in 1825, yet the means of support were so uncertain that it was not till the Free School Act of 1855 had become a law that the school system was placed upon a firm basis.

The men who laid the foundation of our common school system have mostly passed away, but there remain a few who were leaders in those days, and whom the teachers of the State still revere. That the teachers of to-day might hear the story of those times from the actors themselves, it was suggested by Mr. A. V. Greenman, Superintendent of West Aurora Schools and Chairman of the Executive Committee for 1897, to bring these educational pioneers before the Association once more. Accordingly the closing session of the State Teachers' Association, held at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 28-30, 1897, was given to a symposium—"Our Pilgrim

Fathers." Mr. E. A. Gastman, Superintendent of Schools, Decatur, Ill., presided and introduced the speakers with a pleasant bit of personal reminiscence, which will be found preceding each address. The speakers were given the closest attention, and the audience seemed to realize that they were not merely listeners, but witnesses of an historic event never to be repeated. So impressed were they that, at the close, they unanimously voted to publish the entire proceedings of the evening as a further contribution of the Association to the educational history of Illinois.

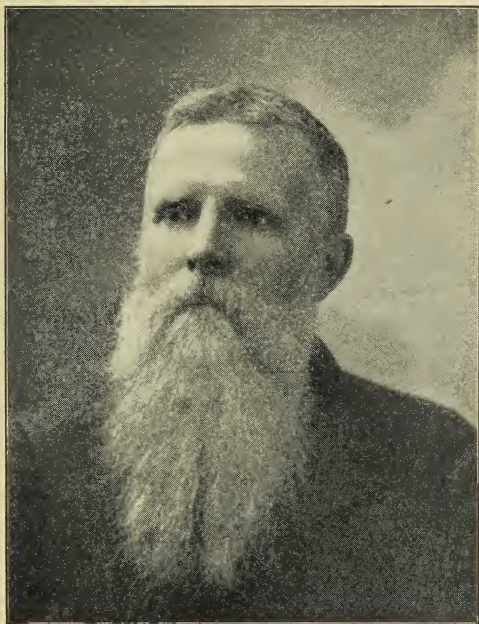
Executive Committee :

W. L. STEELE, Galesburg, Ill.

MISS MARTHA BUCK, Carbondale, Ill.

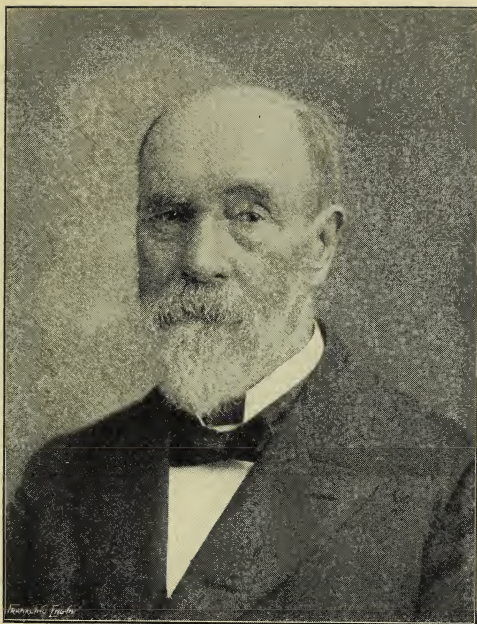
DAVID FELMLEY, Normal, Ill.

Galesburg, Ill., March, 1898.



E. A. GASTMAN,
(Supt. of Schools, Decatur, Ill.,)
PRESIDING OFFICER.

When the experience of the race becomes that of every individual,—when every man moves step by step to the grand music of human progress,—when every man's now is his golden moment, the brightest and best in his experience,—the most redolent of good deeds and noble purposes; it will require no additional legislation to establish among men the true, the never ending millenium.—*Edwards.*



HON. RICHARD EDWARDS, D. D., LL. D.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION OF DR. EDWARDS.

There has been much speculation about the name that should be given to the exercises of this evening. Some have insisted that it was "a collection of fossils," others that it was a display intended to illustrate "the social life of past historic generations," but others more thoughtful and kindly in speech, have called it the "gathering of the snow birds." And I now take very great pleasure in introducing to you one of the most illustrious of the flock, Dr. Richard Edwards.

ADDRESS OF DR. EDWARDS.

I UNDERSTAND the purpose of this symposium to be the bringing up of some of the characteristics of the olden time education, and the comparing of them with modern conditions. It is fair to presume that those who take part in the discussion are to recall their earliest educational experience. In my own case, this will necessitate going beyond the boundary of the United States. At the age of seven or eight years I became a pupil in one of the old country schools for children. The spoken language of the people was not the English, but it was considered the proper thing, in teaching the children, to use English books, and also as much of the English speech as they could be induced to remember. The English New Testament was very early introduced as a reading book. In the pronunciation of words we were not enslaved by English custom. No one seemed to think that we ought to understand the thought in what we read, except, possibly, in a very vague and general way. The significance of only a very few English words was known to us. Among the matters which we were required to commit to memory, was the catechism of the established church. But as already stated, it conveyed no meaning to us. We repeated

it with our peculiar pronunciation, and all seemed to be satisfied with our performance. In order to relieve ourselves of the monotony of unintelligible repetition, we sometimes took the liberty of converting the prose into metrical feet. Sometimes the number of syllables in the sentence did not meet the metrical demands. But this difficulty was easily overcome. We inserted an additional syllable, or clipped a syllable, as the emergency might require. The teacher, also, had very frequent use for his implement of punishment. If sparing the rod is the only way of spoiling children, we were not spoiled.

After an interval of some forty years, I revisited the scenes of this early experience, and saw the schools that had taken the place of these early ones. There had been a revolution. Blackboards were in use. It was clear that the children understood the import of the language which they spoke. I took the liberty to question the boys as to the meaning of certain English sentences. Their answers were clear and accurate. They could readily translate the meaning into their mother tongue. I also met my old school-master, then enfeebled by the weight of years. I had a kindly memory of him, for, although I had not escaped the flagellations which were considered so important a part of our educa-

tion, I remembered that in my case they had commonly been laid on with a light and kindly hand. The effect of kindness was not lost, even amid the grotesque methods of that early time.

My next experience with schools was in the state of Ohio, on the Western Reserve, among the people who had brought with them to their new abodes, the institutions and customs of the state of Connecticut. The usage in respect to the paying of tuition fees among the people did not appear to be the same in all schools. In some of them such fees were collected, and in others they were not. I content myself with a partial description of one school of which I was a pupil. The teacher was a farmer, who cultivated his acres in the summer, and wielded the rod in the winter. The house was built of logs. The chinking and daubing had not been thoroughly done. The cold air in winter had a reasonably free access into the room. Holes had been bored into the logs at an angle of about 60 degrees with the vertical wall, and small branches of trees had been driven into them. Each of these had been so cut that a small stem was left near the outer end of it, which served to keep in place the boards that took the place of desks. The seats were made of slabs through which holes had been bored for supports. The sticks which were used for this latter purpose

often came through the slabs in such a way as to interfere with the comfort of sitting. When a pupil was writing, he sat with his face towards the wall. This involved a lifting of the feet over the puncheon bench. But when the writing was done, and he was called upon to recite, it was necessary to lift the feet once more over the slab seats and lay them down on the front side. This adjustment was for the older pupils, who were learning to write. The smaller ones sat in long seats near the middle of the floor, at a lower level than the others. The effect of the more or less open cracks between the logs was somewhat neutralized by an immense fireplace at the end of the room, where a vast amount of wood was consumed. Of, course, that part of the room in the immediate vicinity of the fire, experienced an intense degree of heat, while the remoter part might be uncomfortably cold. I remember that one day, a light haired little boy, of 8 or 9 years, named Jacob Kegley, who sat at the torrid end of the bench, announced to the teacher in respectful tones, that he was "getting too hot." The answer was, "Jacob, when you *get* too hot, let me know."

I remember that in this school a very large part of the work was done by each pupil by himself. There were classes in reading, and also in spelling,

but I do not recall any other grouping of individuals into a class. I think the Three R's included all that was taught us. Neither English grammar nor geography was taught. But I remember that a certain young man, older than the majority of us, was called up every day for a reading exercise by himself. In some way he had secured a book which must have had something of the character of a work on geography. And I can distinctly recall some of the young man's pronunciations. One day he was reading an account of the city of Philadelphia. Among other things, some of the public institutions of the city were named. In his loud and monotonous tones, he proceeded to tell us that that city contained a certain number of "hostabels," by which he meant hospitals. I think there was no correction of his peculiar rendering of that word.

But it must not be inferred that nothing was learned in these schools. Practical knowledge of arithmetic was gained. A sufficient familiarity with English words was secured to enable the pupils to read newspapers, and to serve as a basis for further and more accurate acquisitions. I would not imply that newspapers, at that time, and in that community, were very common. The fact was quite otherwise. Still it was true that occasionally one might be seen. And when dictionaries came to

be used, many of the young people taught in these schools, began to acquire more accurate forms of pronunciation.

The schools to which I have been referring were the country schools. In the larger towns more progress had been made. In the town of Ravenna, the county seat of Portage County, the public school was quite in advance of this rural establishment to which I have referred. English Grammar was taught. Also Geography. English Composition was one of the regular exercises. A reasonably correct pronunciation of English words was insisted upon. The dictionary became a necessity. The teacher of this school engaged in his work with great enthusiasm. He was a somewhat erratic man, but I am very sure that his personal influence over the boys and girls under his charge was very helpful to them. I believe that he possessed the spirit of the true teacher.

In the rural schools the qualifications of the teacher were not very rigorously considered. The examination appears to have been conducted by the authority of the county. I have in my possession a certificate which was granted me on the 10th day of November, 1843. The school which I was to teach was in the country. But the Examining Board had their headquarters at the county seat.

In this paper it is declared that I was qualified to teach reading, writing and arithmetic, and also English grammar and geography. The signer of the paper was, at that time, a man of prominence, and afterwards became Chief Justice of the state of Ohio. He signs the certificate as the Clerk of the Board of Examiners.

Let us pause for a moment and take note of three things in respect to these early schools. First, let us consider their physical surroundings. These we should pronounce unfit, ill adapted to the purpose for which schools are established. But we must remember that these physical surroundings were incident to the existing conditions. It might be said that they were incident to a certain inferior state of civilization. But this statement would imply a falsehood. These dwellers among the forests of the Western Reserve were not barbarians. They were men and women whose ideals of life were worthy of imitation. Nor were they lacking in knowledge. In certain lines, at least, they were sturdy thinkers. Their undeveloped physical surroundings were merely an incident in their career. And they were not long in so changing these surroundings as to make them fit appendages to the highest culture. In considering the important questions involved, therefore, it seems to me that we

may say that the physical surroundings were of little significance. Indeed, in some respects they were a help rather than a hindrance to the development of what is noblest in man and woman. The noblest and most cultured men on earth may dwell for a night amid the roughness and wildness of the most undeveloped wilderness. The exposure only makes them stronger for future achievement.

The next point relates to the educational methods. These, it must be confessed, were in some respects inferior. They had not been carefully thought out. There was no well developed system, either of pedagogy or of school administration. In that particular, therefore, we may justly claim that there has been progress. The work of education has been systematized. The laws of mental and moral growth are more clearly and systematically stated. But I doubt whether they are more clearly apprehended than they were by some of the old fashioned school masters.

The third point to which I wish to call attention is, the personality of the teacher. And in this respect many of the old schools were quite equal to anything we have to-day. I say many of them, for not every school-master of the old regime was worthy of his vocation. But it seems to me that in the sturdy love of the truth; in the exercise of a gentle sympathy

for the young in their labors and trials; in a clear apprehension of the needs of childhood, and of the best way of supplying these needs; in the ability to discern the right thing to be done in an emergency; the best teachers of sixty years ago could have held their own with those of to-day. I do not forget that distance may lend enchantment to the view, but as I recall some of the men and women who were engaged in educational work at that time, I am profoundly impressed with their high moral and intellectual worth. And this fact was the salvation of those early schools. It was this that gave inspiration to so many of the young men and young women who since that day have become eminent in all the higher departments of life. In truth may I not say that this is the mightiest element in education? May I not say that under all circumstances the right kind of a man is worth more than the system, however well developed this latter may be.

It was the custom of the teacher in those ancient schools to devote a certain portion of every session to private interviews with the pupils concerning their difficulties in arithmetic and other studies. In these interviews a free conversation was carried on, the teacher by questions ascertaining wherein the pupil found himself unequal to the work. I think the usual topic discussed was arithmetic. Methods

of solving the difficult problems were suggested. The application of the rules laid down in the book was pointed out. Very often encouraging words were spoken to such pupils as needed them. This was certainly a redeeming trait in the old system. And may it not be true that if we could, in our own times, modify our rigorous classification of pupils so as to restore something of this old time method, we should make an improvement in existing conditions? Is there not in our time some danger that the individual shall be submerged in the system? Does not the highest ideal of education involve something of the old-time contact of mind with mind?

It was my good fortune to be connected with the early normal school movements in the State of Massachusetts. When that connection began, the first school, that at Lexington, had been in operation four or five years, but it was a time of severe trial for the normal schools. A great majority of the educated classes of that State were opposed to them. The college graduates, as a whole, were thoroughly committed to the principle that if the teacher understood the subject which he was to teach, he was qualified for the work. "If you know Latin, you can teach Latin," was a maxim which I have heard repeated many times. This condition of things necessitated great earnestness and great persistency

in those who were conducting these Normal schools. The memory of those days are very inspiring. It seemed as if the very situation had the effect of uplifting and ennobling the men and women who taught in the teachers' schools. When we are sailing with the current we do not feel called upon to put forth our mightiest efforts at the oars. If we know that we are carried forward by the surrounding forces, we hold our powers in suspense. Resistance, on the contrary, awakens our dormant energies. The consequence is that an honorable list might be made of men and women, who were developed into heroes by the demands made upon them as pioneers in the normal school work in Massachusetts. Among them a few stand preeminent. Horace Mann, Cyrus Peirce, Nicholas Tillinghast, deserve to have their memories preserved, both on account of their worth as men, and of the valuable service which they rendered to the cause of education.

It would be very pleasant as well as instructive to consider some of the facts connected with the progress of education in Illinois from the establishment of the free school law in 1854 to the founding of the State University in 1867. But the time forbids. I may however say that there were men connected with that whole movement who deserve to have

their names held in honorable remembrance. When these men began their labors, the state of Illinois was not in the front rank, educationally, among the states of the Union. To-day she is abreast of the foremost. This great advance was not accomplished without labor, and the labor was not performed without a high degree of faith and hope and courage.

To elevate the ideals of a whole community in respect to a question so important as this, to induce the people to devote their time and labor and money to the carrying forward of the enterprise, involves the practice of all the heroic virtues. It may be invidious to designate a single man as having been preeminently a leader in so magnificent a movement, but I think our sense of justice will not be shocked if I take the liberty of naming in this connection Prof. Jonathan B. Turner of Jacksonville. He was a steadfast advocate of a State University and of an institution for the training of teachers for the public schools. He and the noble men and women who wrought with him, were not impelled by selfish motives in what they did. They sought to set in motion the forces that would be most potent in developing the intelligence and virtue of the mass of the people. And this is a kind of labor that not only raises the grade of ordinary

humanity, but in a special manner ennobles those who carry it forward.

I have said that these great intellectual and moral changes are not easy of attainment. If this proposition is doubted, the evidence of its truth can be abundantly furnished in the personal testimony of the men and women who lived among the scenes to which we refer. Go back to the year 1862, a period which had witnessed already much progress, and what do we find as to the condition of the public sentiment? All over the state of Illinois there was a powerful feeling of hostility to the normal school already established, and to the proposed State University. In the year just named great numbers of the educational men of the state had enlisted as soldiers. Their higher intelligence had taught them the value of the Union whose life was threatened. In some cases it seemed as if their absence from their homes had developed the feeling in some minds that the cause of education could be more effectually resisted. A wave of opposition to educational progress seemed in danger of flooding the state. There was prophecy of disaster to the new movements. I remember that while these clouds were floating in the air, a gentleman of some prominence assured me in private conversation that the people of McLean County would soon have the nor-

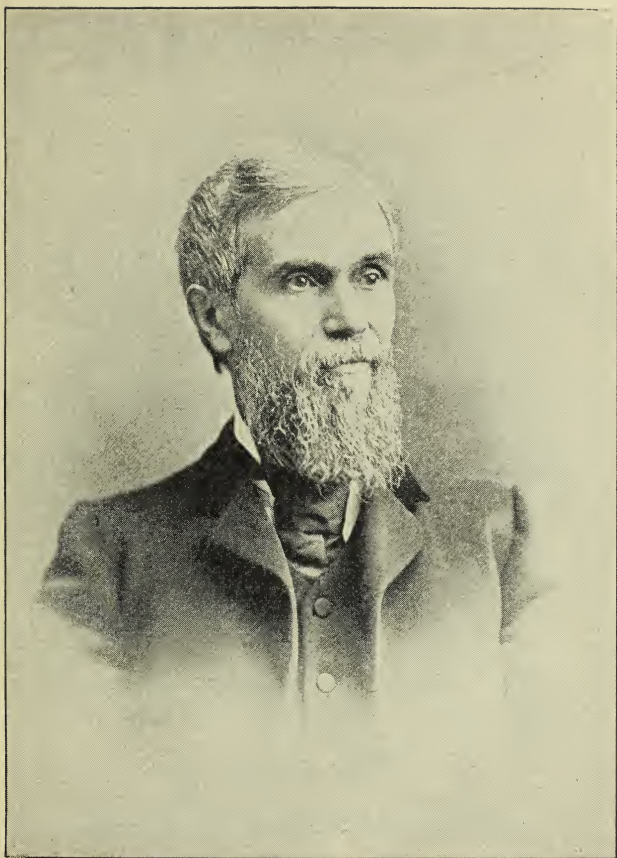
mal school building for a corn crib. But the effect of these trying experiences was to stimulate the friends of education at home to greater activity, and the final result was that for the next twenty years the progress made in education in the State of Illinois exceeded the hopes of the majority of educational workers.

A paper is to be read this evening by our friend, Dr. Willard, upon the life and services of Newton Bateman. I have no doubt that the subject will be justly and adequately presented. But I have a strong desire in these closing sentences of my paper to refer to that distinguished man. I shall not take time to set forth his character, his attainments, or his influence upon the educational life of the State of Illinois. But I wish simply to express the sense of my profound personal obligation to him. In the trying days to which I have already referred, when grave doubts were entertained as to the success of the normal school enterprise in this state, and when men and women connected with that institution were putting their whole lives into the work before them, Newton Bateman was always their staunch friend. His reports contain words of encouragement and inspiration. Month by month and year by year gave us the help of his public approval and personal support. How much his words may have

influenced the final result, no one can tell. But they were certainly a potent factor. In the name of the Normal University, and of the thousands who have gone forth from it, strengthened and uplifted by his words and his example, I beg leave to lay this simple leaflet upon his honored tomb.

That soul is blest, in dark or sunny hours,
That toils, and trusts and sings.

—*Hewett.*



EDWIN C. HEWETT, A. M., LL. D.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION OF DR. HEWETT.

It is nearly forty years ago when the boys and girls in the dear old Normal School at Bloomington gathered one Monday morning in the Assembly room and began to discuss "the new teacher." "Where is he?" ran from lip to lip. "Don't you see up there on the platform?" "What! that little bit of a fellow?" And witty but mischievous Matt Marble said to the girls, "if he does not behave himself I will put him in Enoch's overcoat pocket and have him carried off." Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce the "new teacher," Dr. Edwin C. Hewett.

ADDRESS OF DR. HEWETT.

MY LIFE began among the hills of one of the roughest and poorest parts of Worcester county, Massachusetts; and in that vicinity all my boyhood was spent. The common, district schools afforded the only opportunities for education that I enjoyed until I was about twenty years old. And the memories of those old schools are among the most vivid and the most pleasant recollections of my youth. I suppose the schools which I attended were pretty fair representatives of the common, district schools of New England sixty years ago. I presume the common schools in the large towns and cities may have been somewhat better than they were; but I never knew much about them from personal observation.

The public schools were wholly under the management of the several towns. I am not aware that there was anything whatever like an educational department in the State Government; I am sure that there was no representation of educational affairs in the government of the county, nor is there to this day. In New England, the counties have always played a subordinate part in the machinery of government. The towns, or townships

as perhaps we should be inclined to say, have been of first importance from the earliest times.

Each year, at the regular town-meeting in March, the citizens determined by vote how much money the town should raise by tax for the support of schools during the year. At the same time, they also chose a town school-committee, usually three in number, who licensed the teachers, and who had the general supervision of the schools. Almost without exception, one or more of the ministers of the town were chosen on that committee. Each of the several districts chose a man, called a prudential committee, whose business it was to hire the teacher, provide fuel and other supplies, attend to the repairs of the school house, etc.

Usually, only two terms of the school were held in the year—a summer term taught by a woman, beginning about May, and a winter term, beginning almost invariably on the "Monday after Thanksgiving." About eleven or twelve weeks was the usual length of a term, although I remember one term that was only four weeks long. The summer term was commonly attended only by the small children and a few of the larger girls. But, usually nearly all the young people of the district, up to the age of eighteen or more, attended the winter term. The teachers in the winter, with very few excep-

tions, were men; and thirty dollars a month and board was accounted a good salary. The women who taught in the summer often received no more than a dollar and a half a week, or even less. Sometimes the teachers "boarded around;" but, in my childhood, that custom was nearly gone out of fashion.

The country school houses were commonly small structures of wood or brick, at the cross-roads, unshaded and bleak; they were sometimes painted red. A large box stove in the center of the room roasted the pupils on one side, while drafts of wintry air from windows and chinks chilled them on the other. The fires were built each morning by the boys, taking "turns." Well do I remember my experience as a boy of ten years, in going from my home, a mile through the snow, to build the fire in time to have the school house warmed at nine o'clock. It was a point of honor to accomplish this, for public sentiment in the school was very severe on the lazy fellow who failed to perform this duty thoroughly when his "turn" came. Of apparatus, blackboards, wall maps, charts, dictionaries, reference books, etc., there was almost none; some school rooms had a small board about two feet square, painted black, on which work was done with lumps of common chalk.

Text-books were few and rude and, although some particular kind was designated for use, there was a "plentiful lack" of uniformity. The genial text-book agent had not yet "put in an appearance." Among the text-books that I remember using, were Webster's Speller, Cummings's Speller, The American First-class Book, The National Reader, Porter's Rhetorical Reader, The Intelligent Reader, Smith's Arithmetic, Emerson's Arithmetics, "Peter Parley's" Geography, Olney's Geography and Atlas, Smith's Grammar, etc.

Nearly all the text-books were constructed on the plan of question and answer; and in geography, grammar and history, little was done in recitation, but for the teacher to ask the printed question and the pupil to reply in the exact words of the text. As these printed answers were often longer than we liked to commit to memory, only a part, which would make a fragmentary but intelligible answer to the teacher's question, was commonly learned. We often set off, by penciled brackets, the words that would serve this purpose; and a text-book that had been much used was sure to be "edited" in this way.

What I have just said will indicate what was the general "method of teaching." The youngest pupils were called up to the teacher twice a day or

oftener, to "say their letters." This they did in rotation, as the teacher pointed with his pen knife to the several letters in order, in the speller. After the child could say his letters, he was put into the a, b, ab's, then into the reading of short sentences in the spelling book. The spelling classes usually came out on to the floor, "toed the mark," and "spelled for the head." I never knew a written exercise in spelling. In geography, history and grammar, the pupils commonly recited by classes, in the way I have already indicated. In grammar, much of the time was given to parsing; for this purpose, the "Essay on Man," or "Paradise Lost," often furnished the text. In arithmetic, many of the pupils, especially the older ones, worked independently; the teacher would go to the pupil's seat occasionally, to see how he got on, to ask a question or two, or to assist in doing a "hard sum." In writing, also, each pupil worked by himself. His copy-book was made of a few sheets of paper, bought at the "store" and sewed together at home; his copies were set by the teacher; he furnished his own ink, often home-made; and his pen was a quill sharpened by the teacher. He wrote whenever he chose, and for as long a time as he pleased.

The style of government in these schools depended entirely upon the intelligence, judicial acumen

and muscular strength of the individual teacher. Usually, however, the rod or ferule played a large part; it was a very common thing to see the teacher marching about the room with one or the other of these persuaders under his arm; and it was not there merely for an ornament, but was often used to give promiscuous blows upon supposed offenders. Severe floggings, always in the presence of the school, were common. Sometimes, on such occasions, if the pupil was large or plucky, resistance was shown, and a very "pretty fight" was the result. If the pupil did not see fit to fight, he could show his pluck in another way,—that is, by receiving his punishment with the stoicism of a wild Indian. Brutal punishments, like pulling the hair, slapping the face, holding out a book at arm's length, "holding a nail in the floor," etc., were not uncommon.

The winter term of the district school was a great affair in the district. As I have said, most of the large boys and girls—young men and women—attended; often such a school, under a single master, would number from sixty to one hundred pupils,—ages ranging from four to twenty-one, and studies from a, b, c, to Latin and geometry. The daily session, almost always, opened with a reading in course from the New Testament; each pupil from

the higher classes stood up at his seat in turn, and read two verses; meanwhile, the teacher often mended pens, or mended the fire. When the reading was done, the teacher followed it with an extempore prayer, if he chose to do so; there were no "regulations of the Board," as to religious exercises,—nor, generally, as to anything else. The singing of a song or hymn, at the opening exercises—or at any other time—was a very rare occurrence.

During the winter, skating and coasting frolics by day, and spelling and writing schools by night, were very frequent. Around such affairs, the social life of the neighborhood largely centered; and here the preliminaries of many a matrimonial engagement were adjusted. At the close of the term, the committee, the minister, and the leading citizens usually gathered at the school house; the pupils "spoke pieces" and, perhaps, read compositions; and the dignitaries spoke pieces, too, praising the pupils, extolling their wonderful privileges, and reminding them that every one stood a chance of becoming President.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on the old New England, district school; but, with all its crudeness, hardships and meager advantages, I remember it lovingly,—I can now see, in my mind's eye, how the

white road wound its half-mile up the hill when I trudged over it, not five years old, one summer morning, to enter such a school for the first time. I remember how the room looked to me, I remember many of the pupils seated on the low seats; I remember the pink apron of the teacher; and the scenes of the old district school fill a large place in my memory, from that time till at sixteen I ceased to be a pupil in such a school. And the memories of pupil days are supplemented by later memories of two winters when I acted the part of master.

I must not omit saying a few words about the numerous "Select Schools" and Academies of those days. These were all in the hands of independent managers; the Select Schools were usually opened and conducted by any who chose, and who could secure patronage. In many of these institutions, most excellent work was done, not on account of the system,—for system, there was none,—but because of the ability, insight, culture, and devotion of those who taught. But it cost money to attend these schools, and money was not plenty with the farmer folk of New England, in those days. Here and there a boy or girl, by the help of an insistent will, strong hands and self-sacrificing parents, went to the Academy for a longer or shorter time. But for the majority, the common

school, or People's "College," as I have described it, was all.

In the light of modern public education, you say, How crude! How meager! How inadequate! True, my dear friend. But, out of just such schools came a large proportion of the men and women who have made this country what it is, at the close of this wonderful "nineteenth century." Some of those old-time teachers were notoriously unfit for their places,—could not the same be said of some at the present time? None of them had received special training for teaching, none had any theoretical knowledge of pedagogy, correlation or apperception. But they had common sense, they knew human nature, they had interest in their work, and they sympathized with their pupils. Quite frequently the teacher was a bright, ambitious young fellow from college, like the one so graphically described by Whittier, in "Snow Bound."

Of the pupils, too, many were in grim earnest in their school work; they had learned the lesson of toil, and they did not shrink from it on the farm or in the school; they appreciated their privileges and fully realized that their time for school was short; they had learned the lesson of sturdy self-reliance, and did not expect to be carried over the hard places, nor to take their educational pabulum in

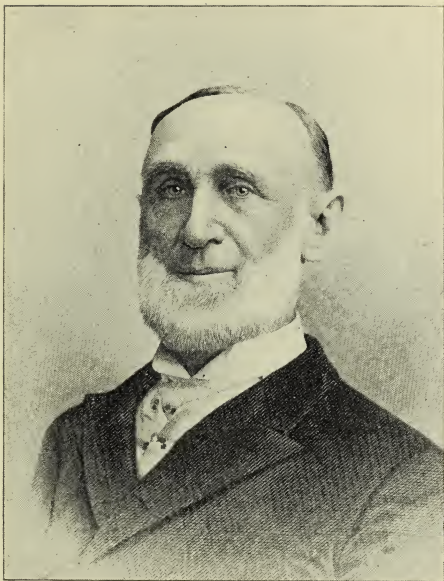
the form of spoon victuals or "cut feed." Something besides the best appliances, a perfect system, a theoretically philosophic method, was necessary to secure success *then*, and now.

Just about sixty years ago, a wonderful change in school matters began. Massachusetts established a State Board of Education, with Horace Mann at its head; Normal Schools, Teachers' Institutes and Teachers' Associations quickly followed. Text-books began to improve wonderfully, both in matter and make-up; improved apparatus, reference books and libraries began to make their way into the schools; steps began to be taken in the production of modern children's literature as well as professional literature for teachers; public high schools began to multiply; it was the dawn of the present public school system.

I have no time to trace these movements, to commend or to criticize them. It must suffice to say that the advancement has been amazing; but the goal is not reached, nor are all problems solved, nor all dangers passed. But it is fair to say that there are certain great fundamental facts of human nature and of child nature, which are unchangeable and cannot be ignored with safety; some of these facts have been discovered, but I think I need not name them in this presence.

That these truths or facts were distinctly felt—though not formulated—by the good teachers of the old time, accounts for what was good in their work, and it was much. That these truths cannot be safely ignored in the future, however elaborate and costly our machinery, or ingenious and perfect our methods, we shall do well to remember.

The same beings do not remain long on earth. But others coming after take up their work and go beyond them. In this way new fields of vision and beauty are ever opening before us, and new ideas are born into life.—*Eberhart*.



JOHN F. EBERHART.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION OF JOHN F. EBERHART.

According to the legends of the family, it was at four o'clock on Sunday morning, June 15, 1834, in the city of New York, that the gentle zephyrs were first disturbed by my melodious voice. My father brought his family to Hudson, McLean County, Illinois, in the spring of 1838. It took him three weeks to accomplish the journey which now can be made in thirty hours. We commenced the life of pioneer farmers immediately. There were no schools in our neighborhood until about 1845 or 1846.

In December, 1856, I was teaching my second school in Kappa, Woodford County, and John W. Cook was one of my pupils. I read regularly and with much interest the "Illinois Teacher," edited by Charles E. Hovey, superintendent of the Peoria schools. The establishment of a State Normal School was the great subject before the educational men of the state. The State Association was to hold its fourth meeting in Chicago during the holidays and the "Teacher" urged that every school-master in the state should be present and help to accomplish the work in hand. I determined to go

and it is safe to say to-night that the enthusiasm received at my first teachers' meeting has never been lost. Never having been fifty miles from home before the sights of "the great city" impressed me much. We arrived at the Chicago and Alton depot about midnight and as I looked down one of the streets my first thought was that for some reason, unknown to me, little bonfires had been built, on either side along its whole length!

One evening, before the usual lecture, I wandered into a picture store and was attracted by the appearance of a tall, scholarly looking gentleman who was evidently admiring the treasures spread upon the walls. I hardly know how it came about, but I soon found myself engaged in a pleasant conversation with the genial man. And ladies and gentlemen, the friendship thus happily begun has continued during all the past forty-one years, and I take great pleasure to-night in introducing to you John F. Eberhart, who was the County School Commissioner of Cook County when I met him in the little picture store.

ADDRESS OF JOHN F. EBERHART.

FORTY-THREE years ago I first saw a Western State. Chicago then had 42 teachers; now it has about 5,000. Then it took about \$2,500 to pay them for a month's services; now it takes nearly \$500,000.

The first educational meeting I attended in this state was at Bloomington, in July, 1855. It was a meeting of the "State Board of Education" appointed by the State Teachers' Institute held at Peoria the preceding winter. This board consisted of nine members and seemed to have plenary powers in matters educational in the state, and arranged for the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Institute in this city in 1855, which meeting 42 years ago I also attended, as well as every annual meeting thereafter for seventeen consecutive years. All of these sessions were full of interest and incidents, many of which history does not record. At almost every session there was some great forward movement projected by some of the early leaders. In fact, I think that this Association, with its fore-runners of kindred associations, can rightly claim fatherhood to nearly all the improvements in our present excellent system of education in the state;—such as, amendments to the school law, the estab-

lishment of state, county and local supervision, and the creation of schools for normal instruction.

There was a good deal of feeling on the part of some of the leading teachers in the meeting of 1855 against "outsiders" as they were called. They proposed to amend the constitution so as to exclude from membership all except practical school room teachers, but finally compromised by admitting also all school officers in the State. I think this is still the constitution of the Association. The teachers felt that theirs was a specific profession, having in charge a special work, and they did not want to be interfered with by ministers, politicians and general reformers who were usually good talkers and manipulators. And they especially feared the influence of such men as W. F. M. Arney, Bronson Murray, Prof. J. B. Turner and others who had really hitherto been the leaders in educational affairs of the State. These were broad-minded men and powerful in a deliberative body and had held a number of educational conventions in the interest of general education in the State, and had projected a plan for a grand industrial university, with a Normal School as a prominent department. Here was the issue. The teachers wanted an independent Normal School and not a department in a University.

If my memory is correct we had 128 teachers at our first meeting here in this city in 1855. But the Association gradually grew in numbers as it did in importance and power, until in Galesburg in 1867, it numbered about 600, and now numbers its thousands.

In some respects in the early days of this Association we had the advantage over you of the present day. There were not as many of us then so that we had a better chance to become acquainted with each other and form many pleasant personal friendships and associations. Some of these friendships in a number of cases also matured into something better and more lasting and made benedicts out of bachelors and charming housewives out of school-ma'ams. This may have impoverished the ranks of the teachers, but surely enriched the schools!

We were nearly all poor in those days and had small salaries; so the railroads gave us half rates and the good people where we met entertained us in generous style—ending usually with a royal banquet. We also had book agents then, all jolly good fellows, and they were a strong feature of every meeting and generous to the extreme. It will take the men of that day a long time to forget "Ed. Osband," "Jim Hawley," "M. Tabor," "George W. Batchelder" and others. And we not only had

banquets and book agents but we sometimes had fun going and returning. Once on our way down here we missed connections at Decatur and had to stay there in the one depot hotel of the place all night. And as there were not beds enough to go round, some of the teachers—having no beds—decided to divide the time with the teachers having beds. Just how or when they changed I have never learned! But it was a very noisy and jolly operation and seemed to last all night. The landlord was much perplexed next morning in making out his bills, but finally decided he ought to have double rates for the beds occupied by two sets! It is proper to say that our robust friend, E. A. Gastman, who is always equal to every occasion, was not in Decatur at that time, or he would no doubt have been able to solve this noisy problem of space and time *in no time*. On another occasion it took us nearly a whole week to get back to Chicago, and we were not drunk either—though perhaps not *remarkably sober* all the way. When we left Springfield the snow was two feet deep and the thermometer 25 degrees below zero. Some of us had had experience in winter travel in the west and had laid in a barrel of crackers, a good stock of oysters and other edibles; and thus—with the aid of wooden fences—our valuable lives were preserved until at the end of

three days we reached Pontiac, where the good people took us in and housed, warmed and fed us; and where for their special benefit we held an adjourned session of the Association in the court house. It is well that no record was ever kept of this meeting. Your present speaker was chairman—and although somewhat experienced in parliamentary tactics—could not maintain decorum, confine the speakers to their topics, or limit the time devoted to applause!

I will ask your pardon while I give some personal reminiscences and activities.

When I first saw the State of Illinois it seemed like a great, grand unfenced prairie. There were a few railroads in the state but they were "hard roads to travel." The stations were eight or ten miles apart, the little clusters of houses, people and teams at each station looked very much alike. But the little school house was always in the background. The reason I came to Illinois was because my doctors said I could no longer live and work in Pennsylvania, and they kindly sent me west to die. But after I had breathed the air and spirit of this country a while, and beheld the work to be done in my chosen field of labor, I did not want to die. It seemed like an inspiration to me, and not being well enough to do regular duty in the school room,

I became a sort of missionary, an out-rider as it were (though I often had to go a-foot) in the great army of educators in the west. As soon as I was able I commenced adjunct work by delivering courses of scientific lectures before some of the higher institutions of learning. The first course of ten lectures was given before the Lee Center Academy over which Prof. Simeon W. Wright, one of the early leaders of this Association, presided. These lectures were an experiment intended to be popular and instructive and I was surprised at the interest they created—especially with the small amount of apparatus I had at command. Whatever may have been the attendance at the first of these lectures, the last was always greater than the house could accommodate. But my health was not equal to the task.

I then did some editorial work on country and city papers, and afterwards edited and published the "Northwestern Home and School Journal." You see that the title of my paper was large enough to fully cover the case and take in the whole county. My aim was to make a paper that would be at once a newsbearer, in its line, and an educator and instructor in the family and school. It was not especially intended for teachers—except incidentally. I had an ideal of a possible paper in the direction of

my effort; and in this I had the endorsement of such men as Henry Barnard—by whom I was employed to hold teachers' institutes, and also afterwards offered work on his "Journal of Education"—of John G. Saxe, the poet, Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and Horace Mann, may I say, the greatest of all American educators, whose friendship I valued greatly and whose very presence was an inspiration. These were all contributors to my paper. And my friends, I still believe that such a journal, with a sufficient amount of brains, money and energy back of it could be made an eminent success in every way. Suffice it to say, that at the end of three years, when elected superintendent of the schools of Cook County, I was glad to donate all its valuable interests to the "Illinois Teacher." And it took several years of my salary to square accounts with the world.

For sixteen years I attended every session of the legislature—and also the Constitutional Convention—in the interest of educational legislation, usually as a member of a committee of the State Teachers' Association or other educational body, and sometimes alone. First it was for the establishment of the Normal University, and then the various amendments to the school law in favor respectively of school libraries, graded schools, teachers' institutes,

township high schools, county supervision and county normal schools.

My first regular work in the State was to aid in the establishment of school libraries. The books were selected by the State Superintendent, Mr. Hovey, and myself. Prof. Wright, Prof. Wilkins and myself were appointed to select agents to introduce them. They had not much time and took the southern end of the State, while I having all my time, had the central and northern part of the State. They soon got discouraged and abandoned the work—while I kept on until I had visited every county in my part of the State, and appointed about thirty agents who introduced 90 per cent. of the libraries. There was no “boodle” in these libraries, but we were each paid \$100 a month and expenses for the time employed. The libraries were intended for the rural districts, and as such, were good in their time and did good work. My next work was to aid in the establishment of graded schools; and for which purpose I visited most of the northern cities of the State, conferring with teachers and boards of education. I also worked in institutes and had the honor of holding the first institute in many of the northern counties of the State. In this work I had many rich and interesting experiences, some of which I would like to relate if I had time. I will

mention two. I was invited by Rev. Mr. Cross, the School Commissioner of Putnam County, to hold an institute at Hennepin. It was to be held in the court chamber. When I got there about 11 o'clock on the day it was to open I found only two lady teachers present. They reported that the Rev. Mr. Cross had brought them in his carriage and had gone off about twenty miles to marry a couple and would return next evening, and for me to go ahead with the institute! There were three schools in session in the place as though nothing had occurred. I took the ladies with me and we visited the schools. The teachers said the board had discussed the matter and decided not to close the schools. I then visited the board, who had an idea that an institute was a scheme of the teachers to get more pay. But after some discussion they gave me an order to dismiss the schools. I spent that afternoon in the schools and did some lively talking. I invited the larger children and their mothers especially to come and hear me talk in the evening. A goodly number were out. I struck out right and left and hit as hard as I could and made something of a sensation. I again invited the larger pupils and the mothers to be with us the next day—and they were there. A few more teachers also arrived and the school commissioner came in the evening. I then talked and

taught every day and lectured every night to audiences that the largest church could hardly contain and closed Friday night in a triumph of enthusiasm. The good people then passed the hat for a collection to pay me for my efforts, and got \$13, and as that covered my expenses we were all happy! There was much amusing and pleasant detail about this institute which it would take hours to relate. About twenty teachers reported before we closed, and I felt that a good work had been done.

I also held an institute later at Belleville. It was the home of George Bunsen, who was School Commissioner, and who had been a pupil of the great Pestalozzi. Bunsen was a grand man and had as profound a conception of education as any man in the State. There were over 100 teachers present at the opening and among them a Methodist minister and a Catholic priest. I feared trouble as it was in a time of hot discussions on the use of the Bible in school. But the question had to be met, and I immediately stepped up to the Catholic priest and said, it was our custom to open with a few verses from the Bible and a short prayer, and invited him to officiate. I had noticed both a Catholic and Protestant Bible on the desk. He walked right up to the desk, picked up the Protestant Bible, read a few verses and offered an appropriate prayer. The

next morning the Methodist minister used the *Catholic* version of the Bible; and we had a happy time all the way through with lectures in the evening by such distinguished educators as Dr. Edwards, Dr. Bateman, Dr. Hoyt, of the Washington University, and last and least, your humble servant. And I want to add that two of the young teachers who attended that institute afterwards became State Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State—Hon. James P. Slade and Hon. Henry Raub. Since coming here your present State Superintendent, Hon. S. M. Inglis, has also informed me that he was once an official member of an institute that I attended. Three such incidents make a strong case!

When elected Superintendent of Schools of Cook County in the fall of 1859, I had to abandon much of my out-work as I had enough home work. I served in that capacity ten years. I could not describe the condition of affairs in Cook County at that time if I had time. The schools had never had any supervision; certificates were issued indiscriminately to anyone who could arrange with directors to teach. Directors were of every character and nationality, as the lands in many of the districts were occupied by tenants and squatters. I have known two out of three of the directors in a district

to sign their names to a schedule by "making their mark." In one district the daughter of one of the directors was paid \$50.00 a month to teach—without a certificate,—the son was paid \$5.00 a week as janitor, and the director himself was getting \$50.00 a month for superintending the building of a new frame school house of two rooms. Whether he ever got to be an alderman or member of the legislature I am not advised. But I went to work with a will as best I could, visiting the schools, and teachers, meeting the boards, and holding two institutes a year. But qualified teachers could not be had; and I immediately commenced the agitation in the Board of Supervisors for a County Normal School. After several years of personal effort and personal visitation with each member of the Board of Supervisors—54 in number—they were finally induced to appropriate money to make a trial of a County Normal School in 1864. This was done before any State act had been passed for County Normal Schools. But after the school was established, Prof. D. S. Wentworth, the first principal, and myself, drew the act for County Normal Schools in the State, and I took it to Springfield and had no trouble in having it passed, as it was heartily endorsed by the State Superintendent, that great and good man—the Horace Mann of the West—

Newton Bateman. Thus as I understand it, Cook County has the honor of establishing the first County Normal School in the State, as well as in the United States, and also of graduating last year the largest class—over 500—ever graduated from any Normal School in the world. This Normal School is now called the Chicago Normal School as the land on which it was erected is now in the city. When it was built it was put eight miles out from the center of Chicago, so that the city would never reach it. But Chicago has already covered it, and is now about eight miles this side of it, and still coming in this direction, and I give Dr. Cook of the State Normal University this early notice that he may have his house in order when it arrives. Cook County also has the honor, I think, of establishing the first high school under the township high school act.

It is not possible for anyone, who has *not lived* through the last fifty years, and witnessed the magic changes that have taken place, to have any true and realistic conception of the condition of life and effort before these changes. Then there were practically no railroads, no telegraphs and telephones, no electricity or steam power, and I might say practically no school books, or free schools in this western country. And one can

hardly realize that these changes have come slowly and with much labor and sacrifice. To one looking backwards they seem rather like the quick and brilliant turn of the kaleidoscope. When I was a boy my father living in Pennsylvania had occasion to write a letter to a man in Quincy, Illinois, and it took the letter three months to go and three months for the answer to return—making six months—and the postage on each letter cost a dollar.

As I have studied the work of this grand body of teachers, thinkers and philosophers I am naturally impressed with the changes that have taken place in educational affairs, from the crude to the better, from the less to the greater. But in everything there has been an advance. The little strawberry of fifty years ago is now as large and lucious as a peach, and the five or ten pound watermelon weighs 50 or 100 pounds, while the single little house shrub blossom of by-gone days is now the grand and gorgeous crysanthemum as large as a school teacher's head. Is it not meet, then, that the little school house should *evolutionize* into the university, and this Association show like advancement, having greater parts and functions? And although something of a believer in Darwinian philosophy, I am sometimes at a loss to know which ought most

to rejoice, the man that rose from a monkey, or the monkey that *evolutionized* into a man!

And, my friends, we are not yet at the end of our discoveries. Some of us may think we know all that is comprehended in the word *education*. But who is bold enough to say that some better methods may not come to develop the boy into the man, the still greater, grander, physical, moral and intellectual man. Your work is not completed. Our language is not perfect—especially in the expression and delineation of fine feeling and high idealities. Our written language, too, is still cumbersome, although stenography has brought us some relief, while our modes of transmitting thought orally, are slow and heavy. You can all think much faster than I can talk. And while it is true that thought with gilded feet has learned to trip the live wire around the world at the rate of 10,000 miles a minute, and the ear can catch the tick of a watch 1,000 miles away, and the eye by means of the X-rays looks into the inner recesses of the human body,—is it not reasonable to believe that man has not yet reached the full limit of his power? Our sense perceptions may some day be projected yet farther out into the mysteries of nature and bring to our quickened understanding still more wonderful knowledge than we have yet acquired.

And who can say that all these improvements and discoveries may not yet be superceded by something better, and even the telescope which has done so much for science, be laid aside as a thing of the past, while our brighter visions in some new way may reach the stars, and the "man in the moon" become a reality!

My friends, the world *is moving* and the teacher to do honor to himself and his profession must not rest on his oars, but move on, have his colors flying, and keep tread to the giant march of the world. And while I honor the names and lives of our great local leaders, such as Bateman, Hovey, Edwards, and many others, who had the courage in early days, like Nansen's "Fram," to break their way through the ice-crust of prejudice in search of greener fields; there is also a long list of names in this State of the quiet, obscure and now almost forgotten workers of the past—every one of which should be written in letters of gold. They often labored when their work was not appreciated and under many discouragements, and with poor salaries. But they toiled on with a spirit of hope and enthusiasm that partook of inspiration. And when the great leaders—the generals of the army—get their mede of praise, I always feel like taking off my hat and making my profoundest bow to the common soldiers,

the workers who have made it possible for generals to be, and who really have done the fighting, recovered the land, and planted the standard of free schools in every valley and on every hill-top of our glorious State.

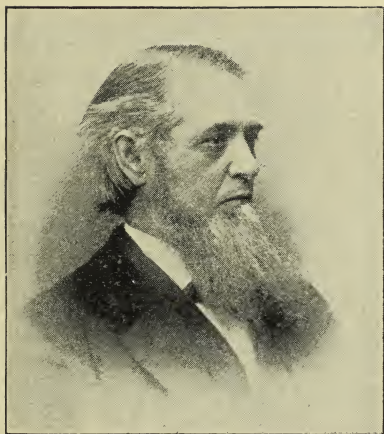
God bless the teachers, who, with inspiration akin to divinity, spend the best days of their lives in making men and women in the obscure schools of the land.

It is said of Dr. Franklin that when near the end of his great life he exclaimed, "I was born a hundred years too soon!" I feel, too, under the inspiration of this occasion, not that I was born too soon, but that I would like to take in yet another hundred years to see the works and wonders of the world; and to behold the teacher, in his full stature, glorious in his rightful domain, wearing a crown—not the emblem of bloody battle fields and conquered peoples—but begemmed with such jewels as virtue, justice, reason, humanity; and triumphant over the inner and outer enemies of man, having made money his friend and not his oppressor; and having dissolved with his scepter of reason all the trusts and sinful combinations that are born of avarice and greed; and smitten down, if need be, all the old political parties in the interest of a grand, new party of humanity and brotherly love.



William Godwin said of one of his novels that in writing it he meant that no man when he laid it down should be the same man that he was when he began to read it. This is the spirit of the true teacher. Like the sower of the parable, he knows not which grain shall prosper, this or that; but his seeds are from the granaries of God; and he scatters with generous hand. Upon every pupil he will make his mark. He works with the confidence of a Michael Angelo that every stroke of the chisel tends to the creation of some fair ideal; and that, rough-hewing as his work may seem, in him and through him the Divinity shapes its ends.

—Willard.



SAMUEL WILLARD, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTRODUCTION OF DR. WILLARD.

Charles E. Hovey was the president and Professors Ira More and Newton Bateman were prominent in all the discussions of that Chicago meeting. It is a remarkable fact that these three men have "passed to the beyond" since the program for the exercises of this evening was arranged. One of the last letters that Dr. Bateman ever received was an invitation to address you to-night. I have asked his life long friend and classmate at Illinois College, Dr. Samuel Willard, to fill the vacant place.

ADDRESS OF DR. WILLARD.

“**N**ATURE,” says Emerson, “wears the colors of the spirit.” Grief adds depth to the darkness of the night, while sunshine seems to exaggerate our joys. And yet sorrow saddens even the warmth and brightness of the summer. That seems impertinent while we mourn a loss. One brilliant August noon, to me the day suddenly seemed less bright. No eclipse had darkened the sun; no cloud had dimmed the deep blue sky. But I had read the brief news that told of the death of one I loved and honored. Such eclipse all of you must have suffered in our bright October,—all of you who personally knew Newton Bateman; and all who were not too young to know of his work in education surely gave him the passing tribute of a sigh. He was, for a full generation, one of the great influences of our State, both as a teacher and as an officer; and as I knew him fifty-seven years ago, and now no other survives who knew him as closely as I knew him during our long friendship, I am bidden to present this brief memorial.

Newton Bateman, of English ancestry, was born in Bridgeton, county seat of a southern county of New Jersey, July 27, 1822, and was a little over seventy-five years old at his death Oct. 21, 1897.

"Saturday's child must work for his living" says an old rhyme; and so this Saturday's boy entered a life of toil; toil at first from stern necessity; toil imposed later by the spirit within that made him a helper of men, and found scant room for idleness.

Of the boyhood in New Jersey I never heard Mr. Bateman speak. His father, Bergin Bateman, was a weaver by trade: a trade which grew less and less profitable as modern manufactories sprang up. When the boy was in his eleventh year, Mr. Bergin Bateman fell into the great current of migration that was flowing westward, and that promised new openings for business and enterprise. He came to Illinois in 1833, and landed at Meredosia on the Illinois river with five children and the corpse of his wife, dead of the new pestilence, Asiatic cholera. Our Newton Bateman was the youngest of the five.

The family suffered the hard grind of poverty for many years.

An elder son struck out for himself as soon as he had an opportunity, but never, as long as I knew of him, was in condition to help the family much, up to his death in California. Little Newton, small for his age—he never grew tall, dwarfed, probably, by the privations that hedged in his youth—little Newton became an errand-boy in the family of an eminent jurist and judge then living in Jacksonville.

It was there that a great ambition was roused in the boy. The judge had a pretty daughter, sweet and lovely in temper. A passion of boyish love determined him to make such place that he might ask her hand on equal terms. He would go to the college then rising on the hill west of the town; he would enter a profession, and then——

To that ambition, to that passion, I may say, we are indebted for the Newton Bateman we have known. That hope carried him through a struggle of twelve years. He did not marry her at last. It is with no derogation from the young lady that I say he did better, and so did she: each found a more *suitable* partner: there are adaptations aside from individual worth. In speaking of these four, I speak of the dead.

Of the youthful days that followed I can say little. They were heavy years to him. He once told me of spending cold days of winter at cutting wood with but a pone of corn-bread for his noonday meal. But the beautiful maiden and the determination to be more than a wood-chopper were never out of his thoughts: these sustained him.

To the preparatory school connected with the college he went, and entered Illinois College as a freshman in 1839.

Illinois College was the first college in the State

to form regular classes and have a graduation. Our great war-governor, Richard Yates, was of the first class, graduating in 1835. Bateman entered its ninth class, and graduated in 1843. His class numbered ten, most of whom have shown a remarkable vitality: fifty-four years after their graduation day, six of the ten were living; five of us still survive at ages ranging from seventy-four to seventy-nine. And the class proved above average for ability and influence.

How did we live in college in those days? Classes were small; as there were no high schools or academies in those days, the colleges had preparatory departments; but all told the pupils then at Illinois hardly numbered seventy. Few were from wealthy families; many found it hard to get along. Many boarded themselves; that is, they purchased food which they cooked and prepared in their own rooms. Bread we bought; other things we learned to make ourselves. We had only the ordinary heating stoves of sixty years ago; on or in these we fried or broiled meat; boiled or fried eggs, or scrambled eggs, if skillful enough; we made mush; baked potatoes or apples; and in our simple fare we had healthful food at little cost. During his preparatory years, on one occasion, when funds were scanty, for two successive weeks, Bateman and his room-mate, (who

was afterward Dr. Augustus F. Hand, of Morris, Ill.), lived at the cost of twelve and a half cents a week for each of them. Their sole food was corn-meal mush of their own making, eaten without milk, butter, syrup, molasses, or any other trimming or relish. I think this experience was not repeated. Such was the sturdy perseverance and independence with which many a youth gained his diploma in those days. When Bateman and I were room-mates, as we were in our junior and senior years, I lived week after week at a food cost of sixty-two and a half cents; and he spent no more than I. We were glad to pick up any odd job to earn a little. I remember a student who was afterward a major in our patriot army and a member of congress who was mortar-mixer and hod-carrier for the plasterers one summer.

For light we could not afford candles (this was before the days of coal-oil); we made strong light with a lamp of Greek style, lacking beauty of form: to-wit, a saucer of lard, with a wick made of a twisted rag projecting over its edge. Such were our Diogenes-like economies. But when Bateman's son and mine went to college, there was quite a different story.

Bateman while in college was subject occasionally to fits of discouragement and almost of des-

pondency; but these were short, for he was, constitutionally and on conviction and principle, courageous, cheerful and optimistic. Of all the class, he had the greatest sense of humor, and the keenest appreciation and enjoyment of pure fun. He enjoyed good solid nonsense, like the verses of Edwin Lear or the *Adventures of Alice in Wonderland*. Perhaps no other man apprehends rationality so thoroughly as the man who also sees its contrast, the sham rationality of nonsense, and appreciates mirthfully the difference. The lack of such appreciation of the ridiculous leaves man a prey to practical absurdities.

Bateman never wrote serious poems, but often produced comic verses. He did not *try* to be the wag of his class; his fun was spontaneous, bubbling out of a joyous heart; his laughs were the heartiest; he rejoiced in existence. His class-mate, Thomas K. Beecher, responding to my announcement of his death, writes: "He always has been and will be 'Newt. Bateman,' dear old boy that he was and is." Looking at his subsequent life, I see that this exuberance of the comic was a relief to his supersensitive nature, and lightened many a load which those of sterner mould would have carried with clenched teeth and knitted brows.

In the last year of our course a class in Latin of

the Preparatory Department was assigned to Bateman for instruction, and thus he began his true career. Graduating in June, 1843, he planned to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian church, of which he was a member. He went to Lane Seminary. But lack of money caused him to leave the school, and take a book agency, an occupation less common then than now. He sold Lyman's Historical Charts in map form, then a new work. He traveled in Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and other states to the east, meeting the usual rebuffs and occasional successes of such agents. He could afterward make fun of encounters that at the time were bitter enough. He came once to the verge of absolute beggary, when some one sent him relief anonymously. In the fall of 1845 he had gathered a private school in what was then the northern part of St. Louis; and there I found him, jolly after the fashion of Mark Tapley, making the best of a life of care and narrow means. But he was making reputation; and in 1847 he was elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Missouri at Columbia.

At this time Mr. Bateman was walking along that dangerous ledge where many fall. The flowery path of dissipation temptingly invited him. His vivacity, wit, social spirit, and other attractive

qualities made him welcome everywhere, and especially among those of his own age, some of whom were associates whom a better acquaintance did not find worthy. Again love and honor saved him from these baleful companions. Soon after he was appointed professor, he married Sarah Dayton, of Jacksonville; not his boyish first fancy, but one whose sweetness, dignity and intelligence commended her to his manly judgment and love. She drew him gently away from dangerous associates before they had tainted him.

In 1861 the west district of Jacksonville established a free school, and called him to its head. Thenceforth he was felt as a power there and in meetings of teachers. He became School Commissioner of Morgan county. He threw himself zealously into the movements which founded the State Normal at Bloomington, the Agricultural and Industrial College which is now the University of Illinois at Champaign, and into the work of the State Teachers' Association. This body made him vice-president for 1855 and editor of one number of the *Illinois Teacher*, a paper which they then founded by appointing monthly editors. He was made sole editor for 1858.

In the summer of that year he was, contrary to his own wish, made the Republican candidate for

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and elected in November. He did not wish the nomination because of his friendship for his predecessor, Mr. W. H. Powell, and because he had just accepted the principalship of the Jacksonville Female Academy, so that he felt that it would be unfair to its trustees and teachers if he should seek the office. Emphatically, the office sought the man. I was his confidant in this matter, and speak with full knowledge. Another reason was that on May 16, 1857, Death had suddenly taken from his arms his dearly beloved wife, mother of his only son and of a daughter. All his ambition fled away; and despite the native elasticity of his spirit, this stroke wounded him so deeply that I saw no ripple of a smile upon his face for a year.

In January, 1859, he took his place as State Superintendent. The Free-School Law was not quite four years old, and was needing from time to time interpretations and amendments in detail to facilitate its operation. He was made its judicial interpreter, his decisions having the force of law until over-ruled in court. Mr. Bateman paid much attention to these; but he seized upon the opportunity offered by his position to discuss in his reports principles and methods of education. These documents were lively appeals to the people. All

his reports are worthy of study. In the first, 1861, he discussed the cardinal principles upon which education by the State is based; the right of the State to lay taxes, to found schools and to require attendance, and its duty so to act. He obtained a law for the granting of State certificates.

His report at the close of his next term told the working of the law for State certificates; the condition of the Normal; the institutes held, etc.; he then discussed what schools should do in their teaching; they should inculcate (1) submission to discipline and lawful authority; (2) moral rectitude; (3) should teach the theory and organic structure of our government; (4) should inspire love of country; and (5) "Education should be true in its conception, wise in its adaptation, and sound in its methods."

Of course as this was written in the second year of the civil war, it is permeated with thoughts and feelings produced by that great crisis; and I cannot represent Mr. Bateman better than by showing at once his style and his temper in a quotation of the last page of the report, given in the winter of our adversity:

"The results accomplished within the past four years are not commensurate with cherished hopes and earnest endeavors. Perhaps life has no sadder

lesson than the conviction that the distance between the hoped-for and the attained must ever be so great. But the record is made up beyond revision or change; and its elements must mingle for good or ill with the ever-moving ever-swelling stream that bears to the waiting future the thoughts and acts and efforts of to-day.

“The past four years have been most eventful. When I entered this office in January, 1859, we were a united, powerful and prosperous people; as I leave it in January, 1863, we are in the fiery crucible of war and commotion, if not in the throes of national dissolution. It sometimes seems like a horrid dream, from which we shall surely awake to find all as it was—one country, one flag, one destiny. I yet have faith in God, in the patriotism of our people, and in the justice of our cause; but whatever the future may be, the sacred duties we owe to ourselves and our children cannot be neglected or deferred. Our solemn obligations in these respects are not diminished, but enhanced by the perils and darkness which environ the nation. If the safeguards of a virtuous education are essential in peace; they are still more so amid the downward tendencies incident to a state of war.

“I love the commonwealth of Illinois. Arriving upon her soil in early childhood, all the years of

my youth, manhood and maturity are associated with her history and progress. Her amazing resources were then undeveloped, her great career as a state just commencing. For thirty years I have observed her growth, sympathized in her struggles, and rejoiced in her prosperity. To-day she is the fourth state in the Union in population; and, with pardonable pride be it said, first in the Union in the relative number, if not in the heroic achievements of her citizen soldiery. May the day never dawn when we shall blush to say, "I am an Illinoisan!" I long to see the great State as distinguished for the intelligence, integrity and honor of her people as she is for the elements of material wealth and greatness, that she may be prepared for the exalted destiny which God and Nature have placed within her grasp."

Dropping for the present his further reports, I return to the year 1860. When Abraham Lincoln was nominated for president, a suitable reception-room for him in the State house was desirable. The State Superintendent had two rooms; he shrank into one and gave the other to Mr. Lincoln. Thus it happened that the two came into close acquaintance; and Mr. Lincoln found in Bateman an answering spirit; he talked rather freely of his feelings about slavery and the issues of the day, so that

Bateman knew what impulses moved him, though controlled by the practical wisdom of the politician and statesman. Had Mr. Bateman recorded these conversations, we should have had an interesting and confidential addition to the story of that great life. I remember but little of what Bateman told me of them.

In 1862, the other party carried the State, and Mr. Bateman was out of the office for two years. He became chief clerk for Gen. Oakes in one department of the recruiting service of the United States, and I held a like position in another. In 1864, the tide turned; he resumed his place, peculiarly *his* place, which he held for ten years, 1865 to 1875. His report for 1867 illustrated the value of education to men as soldiers; he named important places filled by the college-trained men in the war. The American idea of popular education and the relation of colleges to public schools were presented.

In 1869 he discussed various auxiliary agencies; school journals, county institutes, county superintendency, county normals, the State Teachers' Association, the system of school-officers, State certificates; and he gave one hundred and fourteen pages to an account of the rise, progress and condition of the colleges, private seminaries and academies in

the whole State; he added the medical and commercial schools, and the public libraries.

In 1871 he discussed natural science in schools, the benefits of high schools, the educational rights of children, and compulsory education.

In 1873 he took up the new constitution in its relation to schools, absenteeism, public-school buildings, with a warning against extravagance; and he discussed state uniformity of text-books, opposing it.

In 1875 he gave us his last word. He furnished in eighty-three pages a critical and classified list of books for the selection of school libraries; a lively sketch of a practical study of natural history; and then, under the title, "The Coming Teacher," in glowing words, with vivid imagination and a warm heart, he set forth his ideal of what a teacher should be. I quote the first paragraphs:

"Through costly experiments, splendid failures, and baffled hopes, we make our way toward the Augustan Age. As the Israelite awaits the re-advent of the lost glory of his race; the Christian, the dawn of the millennial day; and the millions, the coming of the 'good time' when the earth shall be greener and the skies brighter,—so we believe in the Coming Age of Schools and Teachers. But for this inspiring hope, this vague but inextinguishable

faith and longing for something worthier and better, who of us would not at times be ready to drop the oar, and in hopelessness suffer the boat to drift anywhither—anywhither? Who of us is satisfied? Nay, who of us, comparing the actual with the possible—the present with the *hoped-for* and *should-be* and *may-be* in the field of education, is not ready to exclaim, ‘How long, O Lord?’

“In the rapt visions which come to me, as they come to all, I sometimes seem to see the apocalyptic gates swing open, and far down the aisles of the future, brightly revealed in the soft, clear light, there stands the Incarnate Idea of the Coming Teacher.”

Following the magnificent introduction, he depicts his high ideal.”

In the later years of his superintendency he had several offers of college places; he advised with me on each, but said “no,” till the Presidency of Knox College was offered him; that he accepted. What his work there was for eighteen laborious years, I have not time to tell. The college had needed for a long time just such a man. At once it began to rise. Money came in for its upbuilding. Students flocked in, summoned by the magic of his name and fame; the standard of education rose; young men who came under the charm of his influence

told of the new power they had felt. While doing this work for his college, he was for several years an active member of State Board of Health. He was in demand for addresses here and there. He answered all calls to the full extent of his strength. Meanwhile his home grew solitary. His second wife, Annie Tyler, married in 1859, died in 1877; his four daughters married and left him; only an orphan niece remained with him to the end.

But all the while there was creeping upon him that fatal disease of the heart that ended his sweet life. In 1893, on the anniversary of his graduation fifty years before, he gave his office into the hands of his successor, gladly laying down a burden which was becoming too heavy. Holding the position of a professor emeritus, he taught only a single class. He also edited a work on the history of Illinois which was just completed at his demise. Finally the occasional spasms of distress became a constant and increasing misery that culminated Oct. 21, 1897, in the final relief.

Politically, in 1840, when he was not yet a voter, Bateman inclined to the Democratic party, which did not for many years thereafter become the servant of slavery; but in 1856 he voted for Fremont; and while he was a Republican thenceforth, he was not, except during the war, an ardent partisan.

He was too well aware of the evils of party government to be a hearty partisan.

In religion, in like manner, he was of a most liberal spirit, unwilling to struggle for forms and creed; and after the period of fermentation that followed his leaving Lane Seminary, he returned to the reverent attitude of his youth. He had a growing sense of the importance of practical goodness that rests upon an inspired inner spiritual life.

Dr. Bateman was exceedingly tender, sympathetic and loving. The strokes of bereavement seemed to fall crushingly upon him. The loss of his son Clifford, a bright young professor in Columbia College, nearly overpowered him. During the war he felt for days and weeks the agonies of every slaughterous battle. I am of the opinion that such sensitiveness may have disturbed the function of the heart, and laid the foundation for the final ailment. His attachments to his friends were singularly loyal and strong.

While his pupils of the district school and of the college will long remember the clear-minded and gentle teacher, stern only in necessity, Dr. Bateman's greatest influence, like that of Horace Mann, to whom he was often compared, was in those eloquent reports which set up ideals and stirred the hearts of those that read them to a new purpose

and a new hope. His decisions on the school law, gathered in a volume, made a text-book for school officers; but his appeals to teachers and to the people were not law, but gospel, the revelation of new and better ways, with encouragement to walk therein; the invitation to a perpetual ascent. Like the angel in the Apocalypse, he was saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee." This influence passed the bounds of Illinois, and is still spreading. We may say of it as Tennyson says in the Bugle song, speaking of the long echoes of the bugle tones:

"O, love, they die, in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll, from soul to soul,
And grow, forever and forever."

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